A REPRIEVE.

"THEN—Good-by."

"No—Au revoir."

The girl, Ada d'Arenville, giggled, the handsom's doors closed with a bang and with a muttered direction to the driver Dick Fenwick turned on his heel and re-entered the restaurant where he and Miss d'Arenville had dined together for the last time prior to Mr. Fenwick's marriage—not with Miss d'Arenville of the Alcazar, it may be said.

The power which some men exercise over women, and women of different classes, is wonderful. Fenwick's popularity with the actress had as its basis her fear of him ,and also his treatment of her, at one time caressing and at another violent, which, to her mind, argued that he was a man amongst men, her experience of men previous to Fenwick being continual compliance on their part to her wiu which she had found monotonous.

With his fiancee Fenwick, who was marrying her solely for the almost boundless wealth her father had left her, proceeded on very different lines; he earned her respect by firmness cloaked with kindness; her love—for she thought she loved the man who was ready to give her a title to play with—by a chivalrous affection which he most cleverly assumed, with a particularly upright and modest bearing which captivated the good hearts of the two worthy maiden aunts who were the girl's sole guardians.

Luckily for Sir Dick, a considerable tract of Great Britain separated the remnants of his estate from the ancient high-wall-surrounded mansion where dwelt Miss Mabel Lane and her devoted relatives. Luckily, because there were certain tales about—tales which did not redouna to his credit, and these might have got to the ears of the estimable ladies chiefly concerned in the hero of them.

Only once did he allow the cloven hoof to show itself before his wedding, and that was when a tearful aunt informed him that, owing to the untimely illness of their oldest friend, the vicar of the parish, the marriage would have to be put off for a few days.

"Just to think," said Miss Pauline, "just to think that, after all the trouble the dear vicar put himself to in postponing the day of his resignation in order to marry Mabel, whom he christened as a child, he should be too ill to do so."

It was a small village, and the time was too short to allow of extraneous clerical aid being obtained immediately, and for a moment Fenwick thought the marriage would indeed have to be deferred.

"But surely there is some other clergyman in the neighborhood?" he asked, angrily.

"Another clergyman," said the startled Miss Sophia, "and the dear vicar christened Mabel as a child—impossible."

"Is there or is there not another clergyman?" demanded the bridegroom, sternly.

"There is, indeed, a young curate in the village, sent in advance by the new vicar," said Miss Sophia in a plaintive voice, "but we do not know him, Richard; indeed, he has only been with us a few hours, and his years are too few, had he been here at the time, for him to have assisted in the christening of our—"

"O, hang the christening, it's a wedding we want him for now; the banns have been published in both parishes, and what difference does it make whether we are married by a curate or a bishop, as long as we are married—and I intend we shall be," replied Fenwick, with asperity.

"Dick, dear—" expostulated Miss Lane.

"My dear, I feel very upset about this idea of postponement. I may be superstitious—I cannot help that—but I feel that unless we are married to-day something untimely will happen to prevent our being married at all."

In his pocket Sir Richard had a very awkward letter, in which threats of exposure were held over his head by an individual who was "tired of the everlasting delays in the settlement of my account. If there is justice to be obtained in England I shall instruct my solicitors, Messrs. Moses, Haig & Benty, to proceed," etc., etc.

It was not like Sir Richard to be thwarted by a couple of old ladies, and the wedding was performed at the appointed time by the curate, whose years were not sufficient had he been there at the time to have assisted at the christening of Miss Lane.

The wedding performed, Fenwick breathed again, and, once in the train, he indulged in a fairly big dose of brandy, or would have done so had not an affectionate gesture of his wife caused the flask to fall from his hand, and elicited from his lips such a term of blackguardly opprobrium that the blood left the bride's face, leaving her pallid and trembling.

"Look here," said he, savagely, "let's understand each other. Do you know why I married you?" And he told her.

"Do you know whom I love, whose little finger is worth a thousand times more than your whole body?"

He told her that also.

Then he told her not to interfere with him unless she wished her life to be an earthly hell. "I intend to be master," he said, the veins standing out on his forehead with passion ill suppressed. "Look here, I hate dogs."

He opened the window and, taking the tiny terrier which lay curled upon the girl's lap, dropped it from the flying train.

"You understand!" he sneered.

When they changed trains Fenwick met upon the platform a boon companion of his pre-d'Arenville days, whom he induced to travel in the same carriage with himself and his wife to their destination. Lady Fenwick cringed, but dare say nothing, not even when her husband said, "Will see you later," when they parted, seeing only in that insult a small reprieve from his society.

When their silent dinner was dispatched Sir Richard turned to his wife and said, "I am going out; you can amuse yourself in the drawing-room, reading the fashions in year-old ladies' papers, or," he whispered, "in letting the tears gush forth from those somethinged silly eyes of yours."

And he went forth to join his friend of the journey, and in the fullness—very fullness—of time returned to the hotel, where he was informed that a gentleman wished to see him.

"At thish hour!" he hiccoughed. "Where is he?"

The gentleman who wished to see Sir Richard was ushered into the room. In appearance he was strictly professional, but his somewhat stern expression was tempered by a look which men assume when they have some exceedingly unpleasant duty to perform.

"Sir Richard Fenwick," he began.

"O, geralong," said the gentleman addressed.

"You will be surprised to hear, Sir Richard, that Lady Fenwick is no longer in this hotel—"

Fenwick's intoxication seemed to vanish by enchantment, and he glared at his visitor, who continued to explain, "—she is, indeed, with my wife, and in perfect safety."

"And who the deuce—" began Fenwick.

"I am the head of the firm of Hughie, Acres & Doublecheek, London agents of Messrs. Courtly & Stock, legal advisers of the Misses Lane."

"By what authority have you had the — impertinence to take my wife out of my charge?" asked the outraged husband. "As a man of law you must know that—"

"I am quite aware of the position in which I stand," placidly continued the lawyer, "and my justification is contained in these telegrams from the lady's guardians authorizing me to act as I think fit. I have also had several communications with the police."

"The police—" gasped Sir Richard.

"Calm yourself, my good sir; no harm is done, and everything will arrange itself for the best. It appears that for some time the police have been looking for a certain Frank Fenton, a well-educated young man, whose career marks him as a criminal of the highest ability."

"I never heard of the name," asserted Sir Richard, loftily.

"No; for professional uses he generally found it convenient to adopt other names and other guises. For instance, during the last few months this ingenious youth has posed as a bricklayer, an actor, a soldier, a lawyer, a liftman, and—a curate. He is, in fact, the very curate who married you this morning. The impostor was arrested on his way to the station with a bag containing the gold plate belonging to the church and all moneys for alms and from collections that he could lay his hands on. The criminal being a layman, and unauthorized to perform the wedding ceremony, your marriage is therefore illegal—you are, in fact, not married; but, of course, the marriage can be performed immediately a duly licensed clergyman can be obtained to perform it at Heston-cum-Wold—that is," he added, with a dry smile, "if both parties are still willing."

Dick Fenwick's reply is not written.—Pick-Me-Up.

When a woman has been in society, and turned out, she is as disagreeable as the man who has once been up in the world.

PERILS OF SEA GUNNERY.

The Mate's Agility and Quick Wittedness Save the Ship.

An officer of the United States Navy relates the following as illustrating some of the perils of gunnery at sea:

"I am glad to see you again, and all the more so, because, without knowing it, I came very near going up into the air in small bits on this last squadron cruise. We were at heavy gun practice at sea, and but for the quickness of a gunner's mate would never have returned. As you probably know, the heavy guns in the turrets are fired by electricity, the gun being discharged simply by pressing a button. The officer in command of the forward turret on our ship during rapid-firing practice was just about to press the button to fire one of our big guns, when a gunner's mate was seen to grab at something on the wall of the turret and then fall in a heap on the floor. The officer pressed the button, but the gun was not discharged. When the mate came to he was asked what had happened, and he informed the officer that the breech of the gun had not been locked and that what he grabbed at on the wall was the wires forming the electric firing circuit. When he saw that the officer was prepared to fire the gun and at the same time observed that the breech of the gun was not locked, the only thing that occurred to him to prevent the gun being discharged was to destroy the circuit, which he did promptly and effectively. When all this occurred there was a charge of 250 pounds of powder in the gun, another charge of the same size in the turret ready to be served, and the passageway leading to the powder magazine was wide open. But for the quickness of the gunner's mate the gun would have been discharged, the breech block would have blown out inside the turret, the gases from the burning powder would probably have ignited the charge lying in the turret, this explosion would have ignited the powder in the magazine, and the chances are that the whole ship, crew and all would have gone up in the air. A thought that has occurred to me is this: Suppose the accident had occurred, what do you imagine the verdict of a board of inquiry as to the cause of the loss of the ship would have been? Since this experience the department has adopted electrical means to prevent the discharge of any of the large guns until the breech is locked."

All Our Chalk from England.

One of the few exclusively important imported British products used in our country is chalk. It comes from the banks of the River Thames, being obtainable nowhere else in large quantities. In its crude form, remarkable flint fossils are sometimes found, usually the remains of fish. The process of manufacture from the natural state to that of a form when it can be utilized is simple. When received at the mill the chalk is put into great machines and ground in water, then floated off into vats of water, where all the impurities and foreign substances are precipitated, the water being afterward drawn off by a series of filtering operations, and the soft residuum dried by steam heat and exposure to the air; the substance is then reduced to a powder of different degrees of fineness by grinding in burr mills and belting, when it is ready to be packed in barrels and shipped for use, among the largest consumers being the rubber goods manufacturers; rubber, in its crude state, being sticky, unmanageable and available only for very simple purposes, becomes vulcanized and hardened by adding to it chalk while it is hot, thus rendering it suitable for the various uses to which it is put. As is also well known, a large quantity of chalk is employed in the preparation of paint and putty, being termed whiting when in this form.

Glasgow's Family Home.

Among the many new things started by the Glasgow corporation is a "family home." It is intended mainly for widowers and widows who go out to work. There are one hundred bedrooms, each of which contains a good bed for the father or mother and a broad cot for the younger children. For these rooms the parents pay five shilling six pence a week, and that sum includes the lighting, heating and cleaning of them. Clean linen is supplied once a week. In the home, also, there are dining, recreation and nursery rooms. The children are looked after and cared for while the parents are at work for an infinitesimal sum. The cooking, washing and bathing arrangements are excellent, and as the thing is done on a large scale and economically arranged the establishment is expected to pay for itself. Glasgow benevolence is nothing if not practical, and this new home seems a most admirable institution.

The Whirligig of Time.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

Its fleece is still as white as snow,
But Mary's lamb has grown,
And now she'd rather walk three miles
Than face that lamb alone.
—Truth.

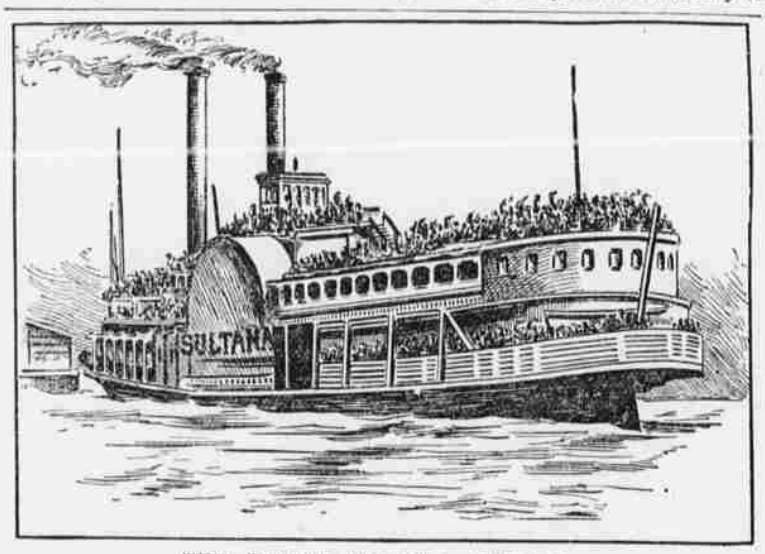
Almost every one holds an old piece of paper or silver money which he hopes some day to "get something for."

GREAT NAVAL TRAGEDY.

Explosion on the Sultana that Killed 1,500 American Troops.

Dreadful as is the loss of more than 250 lives on the Maine, this fatality is not the worst in the naval annals of the United States. By far the greatest loss of life from one American vessel, and probably unsurpassed in the history of the world, was when, at the close of the civil war, the Mississippi steamer Sultana blew up her boilers near Memphis and hurled 1,500 Union soldiers to death.

The Sultana was a fine, large vessel, 285 feet long, which plied between St. Louis and New Orleans. She left New Orleans one fine April morning in 1865 on her return to St. Louis with a heavy cargo. She touched at Vicksburg, on her trip up the river, and took on board

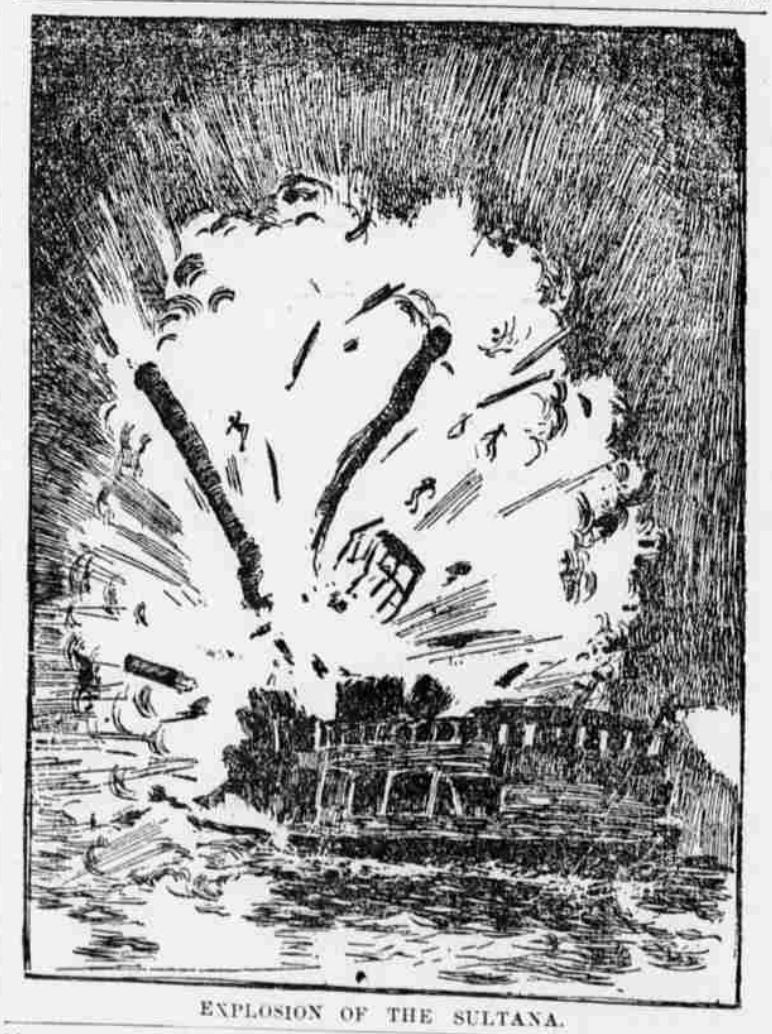


THE TRAGIC STEAMER SULTANA.

2,100 Union soldiers, who had been prisoners at Columbia, Libby, Andersonville and other Southern prisons, and who had either been exchanged or freed by the flight of their jailers. The soldiers were from the West, and there were several cases of 100 or so belonging to one regiment.

This was an enormous load for the steamer and she made slow progress up the river. The boat coaled at Memphis. After taking on an unusually large supply, she left Memphis at 8 o'clock at night, April 26, 1865. She pulled out of the harbor for the last time and started up the river. But she did not go far. About ten miles above Memphis, while all were asleep, the vessel exploded. It was 4 o'clock in the morning, April 27, 1865, that the Sultana was wrecked, with a loss of 1,500 men, nearly all Union soldiers.

One of the boilers burst, tearing out one whole side of the hull. The vessel then listed to one side, while the other, which had caught fire, burned furiously as the swift gale fanned the flames into a roaring blaze. It was a horrible scene. Twenty-two hundred men were



EXPLOSION OF THE SULTANA.

blown into the air, and fell into the water with the shattered ruins of the once proud Sultana. Many of the men were torn to pieces, while hundreds sank beneath the waves.

The El Dorado Myth.

El Dorado is the term now heard on every side in connection with the placer mines of Alaska and the Northwest Territory of Canada. Its derivation is of interest. In the fifteenth century it was rumored that there existed in the northern part of South America a city of great wealth called Manoa, whose king, El Dorado by name, was periodically smeared with gold dust, until his whole body had a gilded appearance. It was said that on these occasions he threw gold, emeralds and other precious metals and gems into a sacred lake, in which he afterward bathed.

Beginning in 1532 the Spaniards sent many large expeditions to search for this phantom city, and most of them ended disastrously, hundreds of lives being lost. One explorer, Orellano, averred that he found El Dorado in his voyage down the Amazon in 1540. This was disproved, but the search was continued down to the eighteenth century. Some of the results were the conquest and settlement of New Granada, the making known to the world of the mountain region of Venezuela, the discovery of the noble rivers, the Orinoco and the Amazon, and the exploration of the vast forests west of the Andes. About the end of the sixteenth century an English expedition either sent out by or under the personal leadership of Raleigh penetrated into Guiana, thereby obtaining a claim on that country which has resulted in the acquirement of the modern British colony of that name.

It has been supposed that the origin of this fable arose from the yearly celebration of a tribe of Indians near Gogota, whose chief was on these occasions gilded with gold dust, but this ceremony was never witnessed by the Spaniards, and the story may simply be another version of the El Dorado myth.

The name El Dorado was commonly used to describe the city or country which was the object of the search, but a later usage of the term has been its figurative application with regard to any region of more than common richness. El Dorado County, in California, was the scene of the famous gold finds of '49, and since then the expression has been used to describe many gold camps.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Growth of the City of Boston.

The city of Boston, which now has a population of over 500,000, had in 1820, two years prior to the adoption of the city charter, 43,298 inhabitants. Seventy-five years ago East Boston, Charlestown, Roxbury, Dorchester, West Roxbury and Brighton were separate communities, East Boston not being annexed until 1836, Roxbury until 1867, Dorchester until 1869 and Charlestown, Brighton and West Roxbury until 1873. Furthermore, in 1882, the great Back Bay territory had not been reclaimed from the waters of the inner harbor, and the new commonwealth lands in South Boston were not in existence.

Nearly every young man has the notion that something important is liable to go on down town at night.